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He Was the "Whistler"

The record concentration of office into a single hand was achieved by the Duke of Wellington in 1801, when Sir John Jervis, and only partly with his Whig minister, Sir Robert Peel, who was to form the new ministry, was in Rome, and it took between three and four weeks for the king's messenger to reach him and for him to return, traveling almost continuously night and day in the meantime Wellington was practically the entire government. He really held the offices of all of first kind of the treasury and home secretary, but any one of the secretaries of state can perform the duties of any other or all of them, and this Wellington actually did—Westminster Gazette.

The Ambiguous Phenomenon

Phenomenal spelling has many peculiarities, but if you spell it correctly and ever you may print authoritatively. For instance, Mr. Everett, in his "Climbers and Club Members," gives the history of White's club "it" reached its present proportions and analyzed. Now "manly" and "manly" are pronounced alike, but printing would use a lowercase if they were spelled alike—London Standard.

Stone Age Love Letters

"What do you suppose a rejected jingle did in the stone age when a young woman sent back all his love letters?"

"If he was a reasonable sort of fellow he probably built a home with him and put another woman in it"—Baltimore Sun.

Right in His Line

Justice did not arrest for drunkenness—What is your business? I'm a waiter—Foolishness, your honor. Judge—Ah, I'll send you to the house of correction—Boston Transcript.

Prepared

"I don't know what black happen if died suddenly."
"Well, I've got my black silk dress."
—Manchester Union.

FLOGGED OUT OF THE ARMY.

Melancholy Fate of "The Whistler at the Plow."

Among the many you names of the past "The Whistler at the Plow" was the happiest. It was chosen by Alexander Somerville long since dead, who wrote the sweetest prose ever issued about the fields and woods and tangles and the bushes, birds, reptiles and people of Canada.

I glimpsed him once—a stupendous Scot, with long white hair hanging over his shoulders and an expression of supreme sadness on the noble face. But he had the clear blue eyes of the Scots, eyes that had an amber glint in it when he was roused.

He was an ex-soldier, but he did not serve out his term of enlistment in the army; neither did he get a honorable discharge.

Alexander Somerville was a private in one of the crack cavalry regiments of Great Britain and Ireland—I think it was the famous Scots Greys, but I am not sure. He must have been a magnificent looking soldier.

At the time of the great Chartist movement in England he was stationed with his regiment somewhere in the Midlands. The Chartists were looked upon as an incipient French revolution. Their meetings were forbidden, coercive measures were undertaken, and things began to look bad. "The Chartists," he wrote, "I can't tell you what a Chartist was, but he was a funny, an ultra Liberal or Radical of those days—decided to hold a procession. The authorities forbade him to do it, and a bloody clash was talked for the next day."

The Scots Greys were ordered to resist what their sabers in preparation to rout the mob. A soldier so treated broke loose and tore and lances the flesh, but it didn't sink deep. It was a terrible order, and Alexander Somerville, the future "Whistler at the Plow," refused to obey. He could not draw his sword on his fellow countrymen who were denouncing liberty.

A corporal's guard seized Private Alexander Somerville. He was tried for insubordination by a court martial and was sentenced to be flogged and then dismissed from the army. He suffered a fearful flogging; with the wholearrison and so many of the officers as could see looking on—suffered without a cry or a groan and when the cruel, brutal business was done that would have made Stirling Bull or Lord Cloud immensely ashamed was over he was sent back to his regiment, a sane, brave and manly soldier, to sing of freedom under the free tree.

Does any one know where is his grave?—Toronto News.

Just The Very Thing You Want is a Gurney-Oxford Heater

I have the best assortment of heating stoves in Claresholm at prices that are right. It will be worth your while to see them before buying your stove for this winter.

Chas. Romain

Tinshop Claresholm

A Boat Survival

The dolphin (pronounced droll), the gondola of Malta, is a survival, says John Wainwright in "The Old Man in Malta" of the oldest vessel ever used and varies little in shape from the Egyptian boats of the dead. Actually the eye of Malta is still to be seen upon the prow. It is propelled by two experienced oarsmen, one of whom always stands. When the gale wind is sweeping the harbor and the steam ferries are unable you can still use the trusty dolphin. It is a little craft, pointed in brilliant colors—in this respect a contrast to the somber gondola of Venice.

Pleasant For the Callers

Two ladies made a formal call on a distant acquaintance. The maid asked them to wait until she ascertained whether the person inquired for was in. Presently she tripped downstairs and announced that "the lady was not at home." One of the callers, finding that she had forgotten her cards, said to her friend, "Let me write my name on your card."

"Oh, it isn't at all necessary, miss," put in the maid cheerfully; "I told her what it was"—New York Globe.

Went For Goods

"It is true, matter dear, that everything I did fashioned comes back to me."

"With one exception, daughter; the woman who saved the train by flagging it with a red flannel petticoat. She will never come back"—Baltimore American.

HOUSES OF THE NAVAJOES.

Stuffy Winter Hogs and Lights and Dry Summer "Cottages."

The Navajos are the least progressive of native American tribes, never conquering in towns and villages and never forming permanent communities. Their homes, called hogans, are huts built of stones or the trunks and limbs of trees, with round roofs thickly covered with earth. A smoke vent in the roof and a doorway in the side are the only means of ventilation. In cold weather it is a cave-like structure, but kept tightly closed, so that not one but an Indian could live in them at all.

But when springtime comes the Navajo squaw constructs a summer cottage, sometimes consisting of one more than a windbreak of sagebrush around a circular clear space. Sometimes the summer house is a shallow bower under a desert cedar tree, with leafy branches piled around as a measure of protection against winds and sandstorms. Sometimes it is a shelter formed by the utilization of old pieces of canvas, sheet iron and other cast away material picked up around the refuse dumps of the railroad towns. In any event, the dwellers in the summer hogans are practically in the open all the time. Fresh air is never for a moment excluded.—Christian Herald.